



No. 116

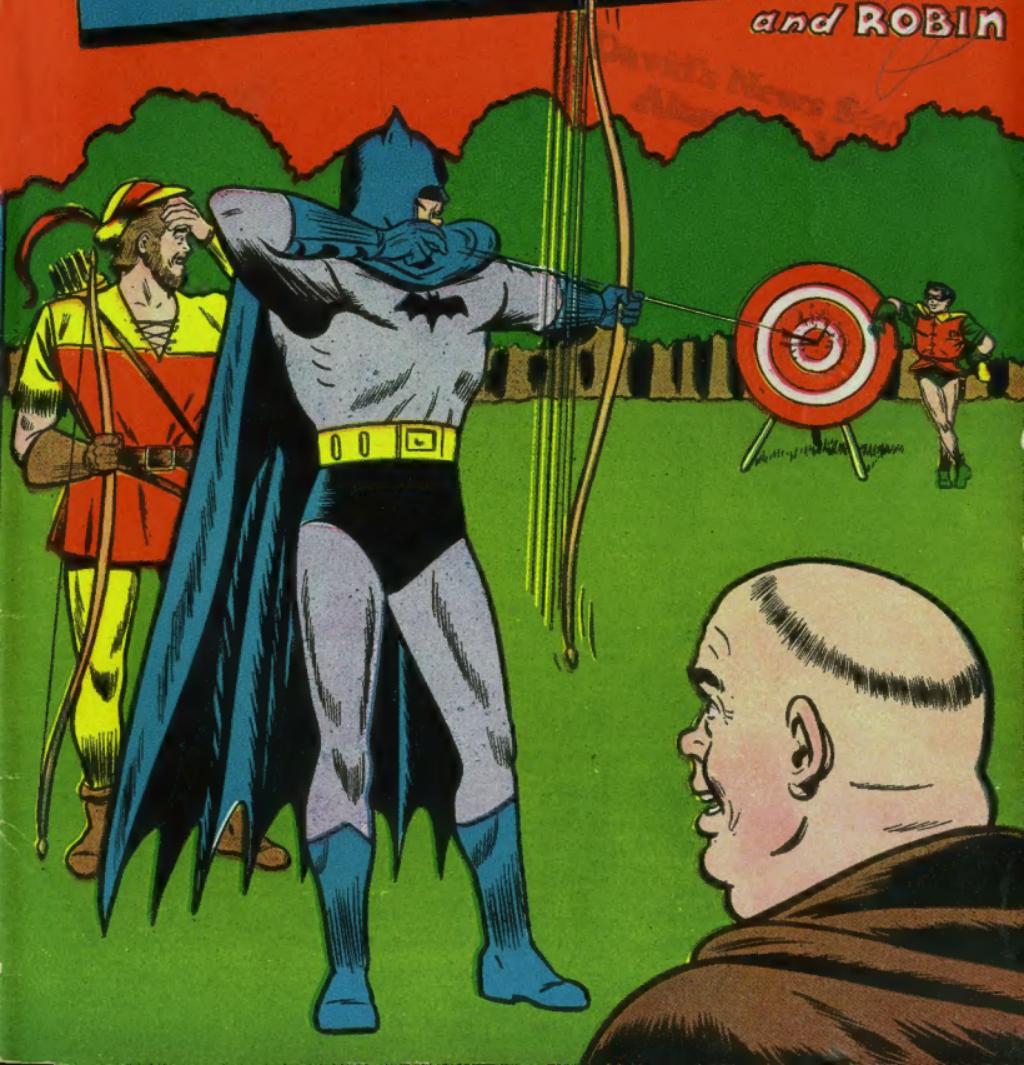
Ten Cents

OCT.
1946

A SUPERMAN
PUBLICATION
DC

Detective COMICS

Join
Robin Hood
AND HIS MERRY
MEN IN SHERWOOD
FOREST WITH
BATMAN
and **ROBIN**



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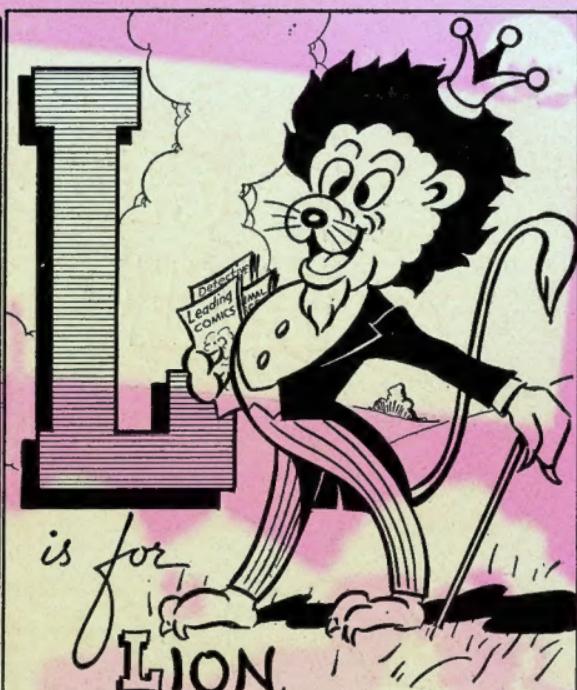
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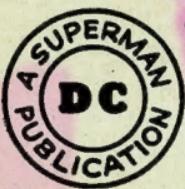


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KING OF THE ZOO,
HE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT
AND HE KNOWS WHO'S WHO,
AND WHEN THIS SYMBOL
CATCHES HIS EYE,
HE KNOWS EXACTLY
THE COMIC TO BUY!



-ON THE COVER OF
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IT'S YOUR
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DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 116, Oct., 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address

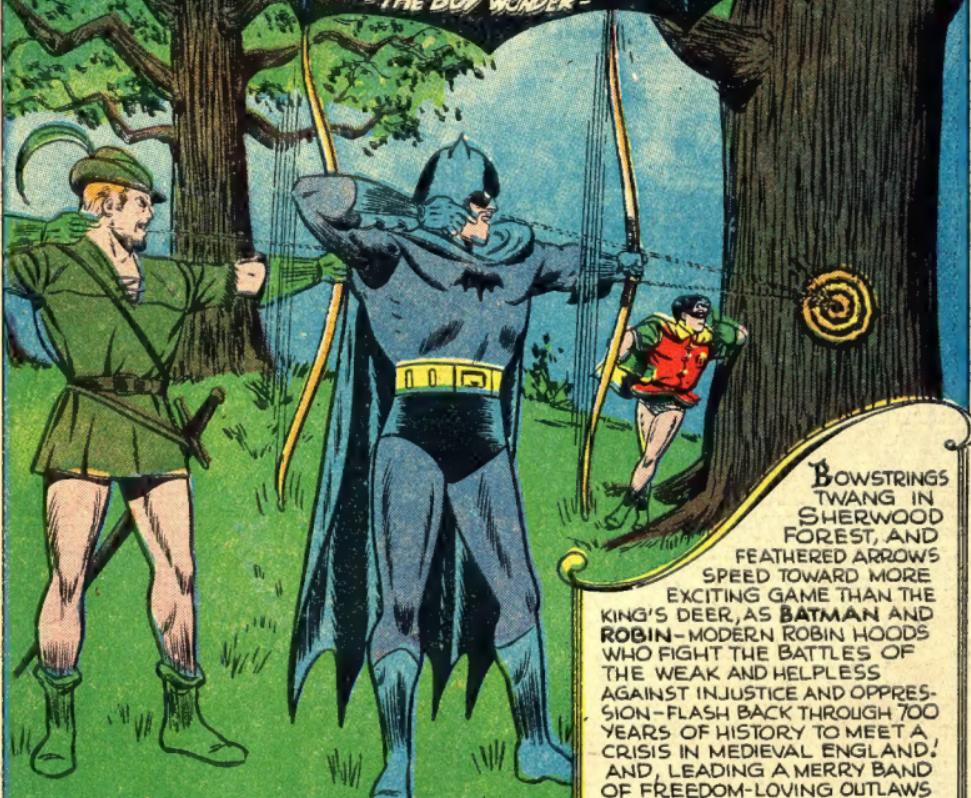
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Printed in U.S.A.



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



BOWSTRINGS TWANG IN SHERWOOD FOREST, AND FEATHERED ARROWS SPEED TOWARD MORE EXCITING GAME THAN THE KING'S DEER, AS BATMAN AND ROBIN—MODERN ROBIN HOODS WHO FIGHT THE BATTLES OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS AGAINST INJUSTICE AND OPPRESSION—FLASH BACK THROUGH 700 YEARS OF HISTORY TO MEET A CRISIS IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND! AND, LEADING A MERRY BAND OF FREEDOM-LOVING OUTLAWS AGAINST BATTLEMENTS OF TYRANNY, THE DYNAMIC DUO CALLS UPON MIRACLES OF 20TH-CENTURY SCIENCE TO BRING ABOUT...

"The Rescue of Robin Hood!"

BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON VISIT AN OLD FRIEND WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THRILLING ADVENTURE-IN THE PAST!

STILL WANT TO TAKE THAT TRIP TO SHERWOOD FOREST, DICK?

YOU BET! IT'S HIGH TIME ROBIN MET HIS FAMOUS NAMESAKE, ROBIN HOOD!

THE FRIEND-PROF. CARTER NICHOLS-IS A NOTED STUDENT OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND...

SO YOU'D LIKE ME TO SEND YOU BACK TO 13TH-CENTURY ENGLAND? ALL RIGHT-GET READY...

YOU'RE FALLING ASLEEP... LEAVING THE PRESENT... GOING BACK... BACK THROUGH THE AGES...

THOUGHTS BECOME BLURRED... CHAOTIC... UNTIL...

STRANGE... INSTEAD OF GOING TO SLEEP, I'M WAKING UP!

LOOK! QUICK-CHANGE FOR ACTION!

AND BATMAN AND ROBIN BEHOLD HOW THE KING'S TAXES WERE COLLECTED ONCE UPON A TIME...

FOR TRAVELING WITHOUT THE KING'S PASS, YOUR MONEY AND GOODS ARE FORFEIT!

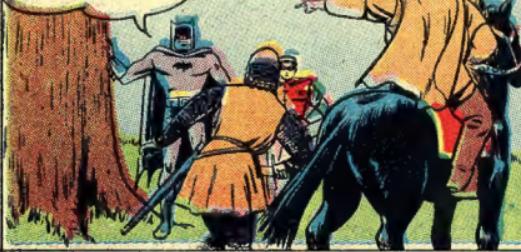
AND UNLESS THERE IS ENOUGH, YOU WILL BE SOLD INTO SERFDOM!



WITHOUT HESITATION, BATMAN RAISES HIS VOICE AGAINST INJUSTICE!

AREN'T YOU BEING RATHER HARSH, GENTLEMEN?

EH? MEDDLERS— IN MASQUERADE! SEIZE THEM!



BY WHAT AUTHORITY DO YOU SEIZE US?

BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM—MYSELF!



IN THAT CASE, IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO RESIST YOU!

WE KNOW YOU FROM 700-ODD YEARS FROM NOW, SHERIFF—AND WE STILL DON'T LIKE YOU!



INSPIRED, THE PILGRIMS JOIN IN THE FIGHT!

LAY ON MACDUFF—OR WHOEVER YOU ARE!

BY MY COWL—THIS IS A HEART-WARMING AFFAIR!



COME ON DOWN AND JOIN THE FUN, SHERIFF!

NO! NO!



THEN, A COWARDLY TRICK TURNS THE TABLES!

YIELD—OR THE DAMSEL DIES!

HUH... A DIRTY TRICK—BUT WE CAN'T REFUSE!



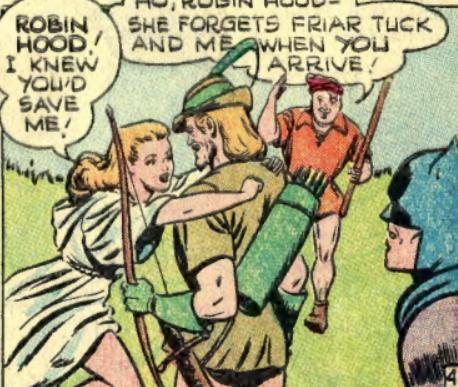
SUDDENLY, AN ARROW WHISTLES OUT OF NOWHERE!

OH-H-H!

NOW, FREEMEN, LET'S PAY OUR TAXES TO THE TYRANT—WITH INTEREST!

A LITTLE HONEST MUD WON'T HURT YOU, SHERIFF!

YOUR HEAD SHALL DECORATE A PIKE-STAFF FOR THIS, VARLET!





LET US MAKE
OURSELVES KNOWN
TO THOSE WHO
RISKED THEIR
LIVES TO HELP
US! WE ARE—

WE KNOW! YOU'RE
FRIAR TUCK, LITTLE-
JOHN, THE MAID
MARIAN—AND THE
FAMOUS ROBIN
HOOD!

I'VE READ ALL
ABOUT YOU
AND YOUR BAND,
ROBIN HOOD,
AND MY NAME
IS ROBIN,
TOO!

I AM HONORED,
LAD! BUT I HAD
NO NOTION THERE
WAS ANYTHING
WRITTEN ABOUT
ME, OTHER THAN
WARRANTS FOR
MY ARREST!

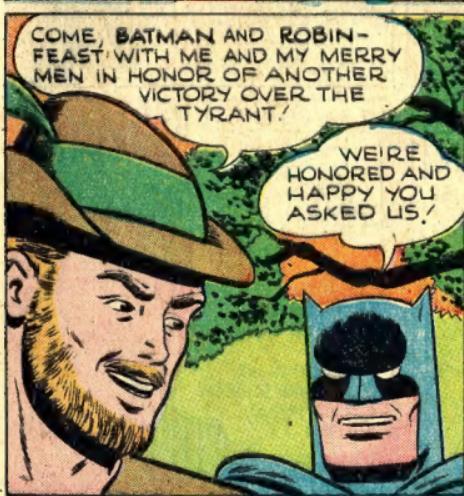


COME, BATMAN AND ROBIN—
FEAST WITH ME AND MY MERRY
MEN IN HONOR OF ANOTHER
VICTORY OVER THE
TYRANT!

WE'RE
HONORED AND
HAPPY YOU
ASKED US!

SOON, IN THE HEART OF SHERWOOD
FOREST...

HO, ROBIN
AND THE FAIR
MARIAN!

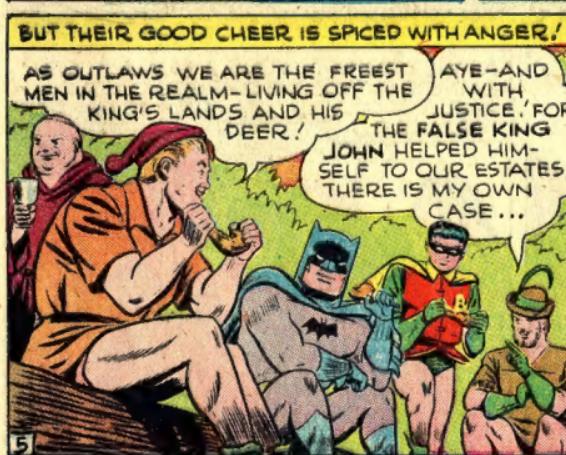


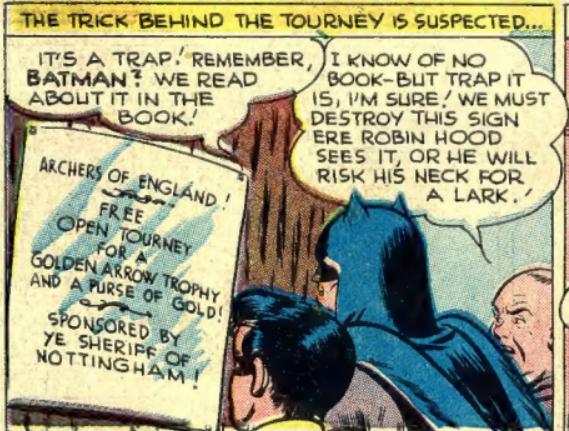
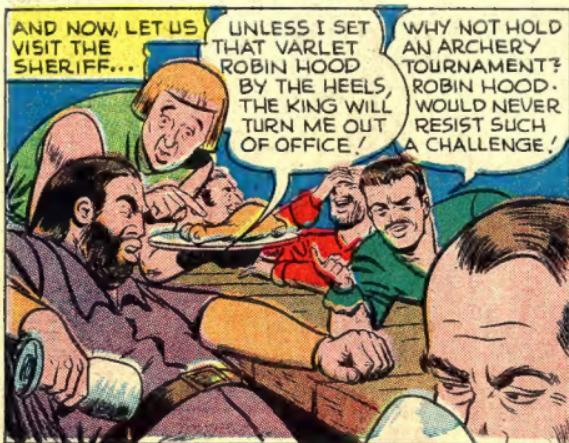
BUT THEIR GOOD CHEER IS SPICED WITH ANGER!

AS OUTLAWS WE ARE THE FREEST
MEN IN THE REALM—LIVING OFF THE
KING'S LANDS AND HIS
DEER!
AYE—AND
WITH
JUSTICE FOR
DEER!

THE FALSE KING
JOHN HELPED HIM-
SELF TO OUR ESTATES.
THERE IS MY OWN
CASE...

I KNOW, ROBIN
HOOD—YOU ARE THE EARL
OF HUNTINGDON, A SAXON
NOBLE, LOYAL TO KING
RICHARD THE LION-
HEARTED—SO THE NEW
NORMAN KING SEIZED
YOUR LANDS!







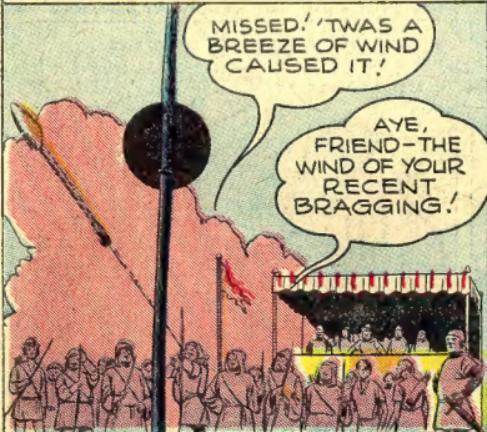
THE TOURNAMENT GETS UNDER WAY...

MISS'D! 'TWAS A BREEZE OF WIND CAUSED IT!

AYE, FRIEND-THE WIND OF YOUR RECENT BRAGGING!

FAITH, LAD,
'TIS A HIT!
YOU'LL GIVE
ME LESSONS
YET!

BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, I'M
AS
AMAZED
AS YOU
ARE!



YOUR ARROW IS SQUARE
IN THE CENTER OF THE
TARGET! I CAN BETTER
YOUR SHOT ONLY BY
SPLITTING
THE SHAFT!

IT MIGHT BE DONE-
ONCE IN A
MILLION TRIES!

A CHEER GOES UP AS THE DISGUISED
OUTLAW LEADER PERFORMS AN
INCREDIBLE FEAT!

NAY-'TIS
A FREAK
OF
CHANCE!

ONCE
IN A
MILLION
TRIES, YOU
SAY, LAD?



NAY-AT THIS
RANGE I
CAN HIT IT
AT WILL!

WOW! I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D EVER
SEE ANYTHING LIKE
THIS-PAST OR
PRESENT!

THE WINNER? YOU
GUessed IT-AS DOES
THE WILY SHERIFF OF
NOTTINGHAM!

ROBIN HOOD
SAID TO WAIT
AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!

I'M NO WIZARD,
BUT I CAN
FORETELL THAT
MUCH. BE
READY!



AND NOW - THE SHERIFF'S TREACHERY!

KILL THEM IF THEY RESIST!

BENDING FORWARD, BATMAN SPEAKS SWIFTLY INTO HIS TWO-WAY RADIO!

KEEP BACK, ROBIN!
DON'T TRY TO
SAVE US NOW!
WAIT!

HE'S INSANE
WITH FEAR -
TALKING
TO HIMSELF!

AND ROBIN OBEYS...

GET AWAY - GATHER
THE OTHERS - WAIT
FOR ORDERS!

WAIT,
LITTLE
JOHN AND
FRIAR
TUCK! THEY
DON'T WANT
US TO FIGHT!
NOT NOW!

I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!
THAT
VOICE -
BATMAN'S -
BUT IT'S
HERE!

MAGIC!
BUT IF IT CAN
SAVE ROBIN
HOOD, I'M
FOR IT!

WE'LL GATHER
OUR TRUSTY BOWMEN
AND IF ROBIN HOOD
SENDS ORDERS
THROUGH YOUR
MAGIC BUCKLE,
WE WILL OBEY
THEM!

AND WE'LL
TEAR THE
CASTLE STONE
FROM STONE
TO SAVE HIM!

HOURS PASS - AND THE ANXIOUS BAND
WAITS ...

OH, WHY DON'T
WE HEAR
FROM
HIM?

WAIT
A LITTLE
LONGER -
PLEASE!

THIS RADIO
MAGIC IS AN
OLD WIVES'
TALE! LET
US MARCH!

MEANWHILE, IN A DISMAL DUNGEON...

I FEAR, BATMAN,
YOU AND I WILL
RUST ERE THESE
CHAINS DO!

DON'T WORRY! I HAVE
SOMETHING IN MY
UTILITY BELT THAT
WILL WORK FASTER
THAN RUST!

HO, THE
IRON IS
MELTING!

IT'S A SPECIAL ACID
I CARRY JUST FOR
SUCH EMERGENCIES.



DON'T SPILL IT
ON YOUR SKIN!
NOW I'LL FILE
A KEY TO FIT
THAT CLUMSY LOCK
ON THE DOOR!

MY FRIEND, YOU
CARRY TOOLS
ENOUGH FOR
A TINKER!



SEVEN CENTURIES
FROM NOW, LOCKS
WILL BE HARDER
TO OPEN!

I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND THIS
TALK OF THE FUTURE,
BATMAN—BUT IF IT IS
LUNACY,
YOU ARE
PLEASANTLY
MAD!



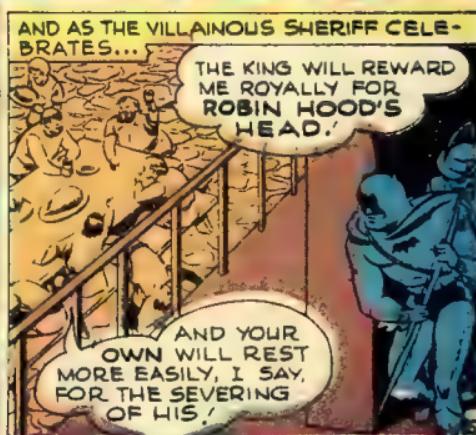
WE'LL LEAVE HIM
SLEEPING SOUNDER
THAN BEFORE!

A GENTLE
TAP BEHIND
THE EAR WILL
DO IT!



AND AS THE VILLAINOUS SHERIFF CELE-
BRATES...

THE KING WILL REWARD
ME ROYALLY FOR
ROBIN HOOD'S
HEAD!





AND NOW, A 20TH-CENTURY MIRACLE OPENS
A 13TH-CENTURY MELODRAMMA!

OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD FOREST—ROBIN HOOD CALLING... COME TO THE CASTLE...

AT LAST!

FREEMEN OF ENGLAND—ARISE!

FLAMING TORCHES LIGHT THE FOREST AS THE BOLD BAND PRESSES FORWARD—TO DO OR DIE!

'TIS DROLL, EH?—ROBIN LEADING ROBIN HOOD'S MEN, TO RESCUE HIS NAMESAKE!

AYE—AND GUIDED BY THE MAGIC OF BATMAN WHO TELLS STRANGE TALES OF A WORLD MANY YEARS IN THE FUTURE.

AT THE CASTLE...

THEY'LL BE HERE SOON! AND THE FIGHTING WILL BE FIERCE!

NOT IF WE SABOTAGE THEIR DEFENSES, ROBIN HOOD! I HAVE A PLAN!

DO YOU FOLLOW ME?

NAY, I AM AHEAD OF YOU. MINE SHALL BE THE HONOR OF LOWERING THE BRIDGE!

THE LINES OF BATTLE ARE DRAWN!

HO, HO! BEHOLD THE RABBLE, COME TO DIE FOR ROBIN HOOD!

LET THEM SWIM THE MOAT, THEY'LL MAKE FINE TARGETS!

NOW WATCH ME LOWER THE BRIDGE!







AS CHEERS OF VICTORY FILL THE HALL, NO ONE NOTICES THAT TWO OF THE VICTORS ARE FADING AWAY!



AND IN PROFESSOR NICHOLS' STUDY...



Advertisement



Vern STEPHENS HOME RUN CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, 1945

THE BROWNS' BRILLIANT SHORTSTOP WAS A "LEAGUE LEADER" HIS FIRST FULL YEAR IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL. IN 1939 HE LEAD THE KITTY LEAGUE WITH A BATTING AVERAGE OF .361, 30 HOME RUNS, AND 123 RUNS BATTED IN.

"I'VE GOT TWO REASONS FOR EATING WHEATIES! 'EM HAVEN'T I?"



"I'VE GOT TWO GOOD REASONS FOR LIKING WHEATIES," EXPLAINS CHAMPION VERN STEPHENS. "(1) I LIKE TO START THE DAY WITH SOME SOLID NOURISHMENT, SO NATURALLY I INCLUDE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' (2) I REALLY GO FOR THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR."

"WE CAN WIN-- IF WE JUST GET MORE RUNS"



IN A WARM-UP FOR HIS HOME RUN RECORD, STEPHENS LED THE LEAGUE IN RUNS BATTED IN DURING 1944 -- AND LED HIS TEAM TO ITS FIRST AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT

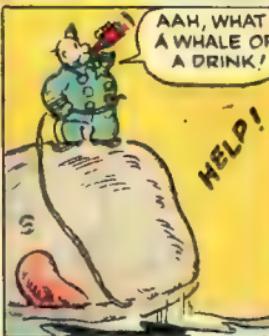
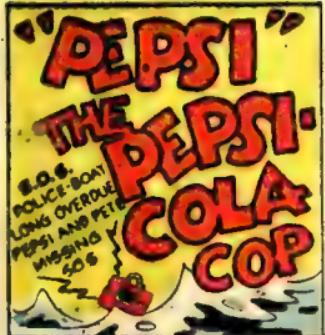
"THIS PACKAGE TELLS HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS"

"A BOOK ON DEFENSE"

"A BOOK ON OFFENSE"



"I'VE NOTICED THAT PLENTY OF YOUNG BALLPLAYERS IMPROVE PLENTY FAST ONCE THEY GET SOME GOOD COACHING," SAYS VERN STEPHENS. "IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN PLAYING BASEBALL, YOU CAN FIND SOME MIGHTY GOOD COACHING TIPS IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOKS, 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?' INCIDENTALLY, I APPEAR IN THE BOOKS AND SO DO 33 OTHER BIG LEAGUERS!"





AIR WAVE

HE'S FINISHED,
BOYS! HE'S ALL
WASHED UP!

-T-Z-T-Z-



CAN YOU IMAGINE AIR WAVE STRIPPED OF HIS MARVELOUS RADIO POWERS? AIR WAVE HELPLESS TO STOP PILLAGING CROOKS? IT'S A DAZZLING DREAM TO CHEER THE HEARTS OF UNDERWORLD BIG SHOTS! BUT BIGGY BOGART UNDERESTIMATES THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS-AND STATIC, THE PROVERB MANGLING PARROT—WHEN HE SCHEMES TO

"SHORT-CIRCUIT AIR WAVE!"

by Lee HARRIS

LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, AIR WAVE SWOOPS OUT OF THE NIGHT...

THAT SOUP MUST'VE GONE OFF TWICE!
OOOF!

IT'S AIR WAVE!

ACCIDENTS HAPPEN TO THE BEST OF CROOKS!
AWWRK!

THE POLICE WILL TAKE OVER NOW, BOYS!

YOU WIN TONIGHT, AIR WAVE—BUT SOON YOU'RE GONNA LOSE!

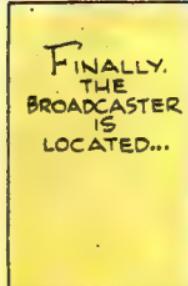


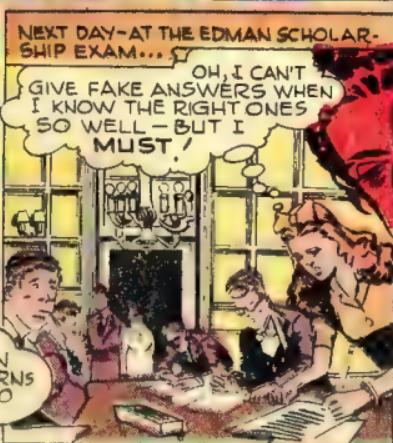
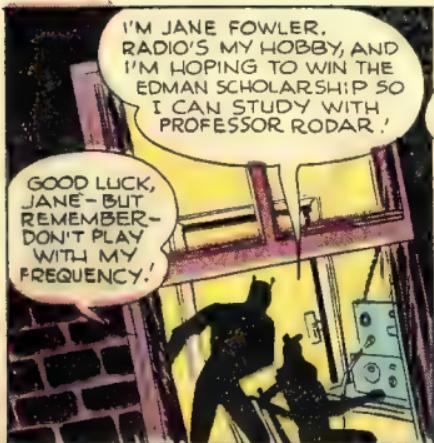


THE THIEF'S GLOATING PREDICTION
SEEMED TO HOLD A HIDDEN THREAT.
WHAT'S BEHIND IT? AIR WAVE
CANNOT DISMISS IT FROM HIS
MIND, SO, LATER, AT HOME ...

HE TUNES
IN—WITH
AMAZING
RESULTS!

MINUTES LATER, AIR WAVE'S MAGNETIC
SKATES SPEED HIM ACROSS TOWN...





MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...

...IN LINK COUPLING THE
THE ACCELERATION OF
THE AMPLIFIER GRID -

THAT'S IT, DOC!
GIVE SLICK THE
RIGHT ANSWERS-
IF YOU WANNA
STAY HEALTHY!

RECESS, BOYS! IT'S
IN THE BAG! WITH
JANE FOWLER OUT
OF THE RUNNING,
SLICK'S A WINNER!

SMART WORK,
GRABBIN' THIS
RADIO EXPERT,
BIGGY!

THAT'S NOTHIN'. AFTER
SLICK STUDIES RADIO
WITH PROFESSOR RODAR
HE'LL KNOW HOW TO
SPIKE AIR WAVE!

THEN THE
TOWN WILL
BE OURS
AGAIN!

OUTSIDE THE EXAMINATION ROOM DURING
RECESS...



DON'T QUIT, JANE!
GO IN THERE AND
WIN! I PROMISE
TO PROTECT YOUR
FATHER!

I'M AFRAID-
BUT IF YOU SAY
SO, AIR
WAVE-

AS THE EXAM GOES ON...



THERE-I HAVE HIS
FREQUENCY! NOW,
SLICK, HERE'S SOME
KNOCKOUT ANSWERS...

ONE MAN'S
ANSWER IS
ANOTHER
MAN'S
POISON!
HA-HA!

DETECTIVE COMICS

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM ...

THE SENSIBILIZATION OF
THE CONDENSATOR'S
MAXIMUM QUADRILAT-
ERAL —

THAT
SOUNDS
GOOFY - BUT
DOWN IT GOES IF
YOU SAY SO,
DOC!

NOT FAR AWAY...

I'LL TRY TRANS-
MITTING SOME
ENERGY TO
HIS PEN—

A PENNY SAVED
IS WORTH TWO
IN THE BUSH!
AWWRK!



THE THUGS
HURRY TO
FOWLER'S
DRUG STORE,
AND...



YOU DON'T WANT
MISS FOWLER, BIGGY, YOU
WANT ME! BUT FIRST A

POWER
BROADCAST
TO YOUR
GUNS!



ALL THINGS
COME TO THOSE WHO
FOOL WITH
AIR WAVE!
AWWRK!



THEN AIR WAVE BROADCASTS POWER TO THE JACKET ZIPPER OF ONE THUG—THE METAL CAP SNAP OF THE OTHER, AND...



MEANWHILE, AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN....



OH, AIR WAVE—if ONLY I CAN DO MY PART!

THEN...

BELT BUCKLES MAKE GOOD POWER CONDUCTORS.

I DID IT.
I GOT SLICK!

THERE'S
TWO OF THEM,
I GIVE UP!

THINK YOU
KNOW ENOUGH
ABOUT RADIO,
BIGGY?

I NEVER
WANT TO
HEAR A
RADIO AGAIN.

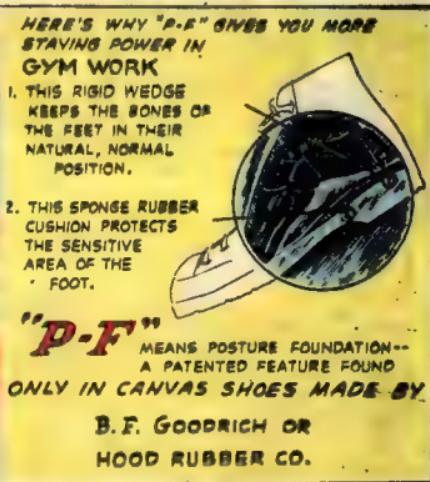
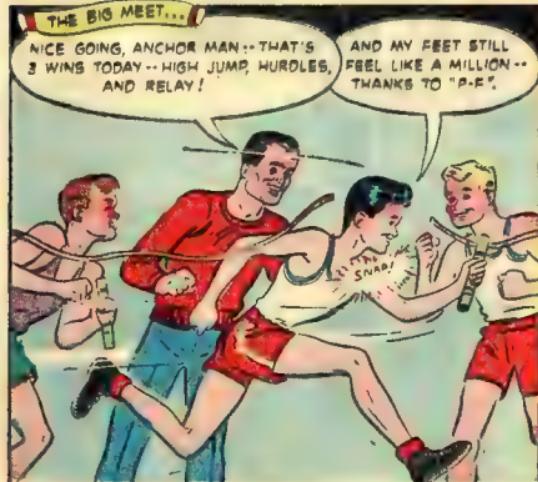
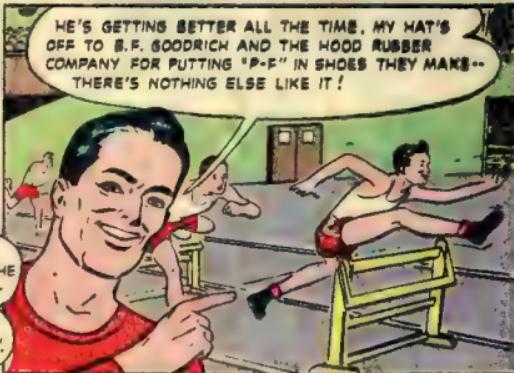
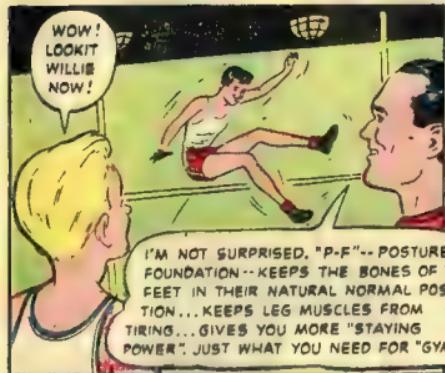
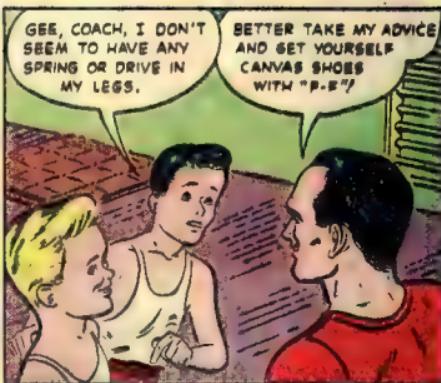
A WEEK LATER, LARRY JORDAN READS A
HEADLINE...

THUS ENDS A SCHEME
TO SHORT-CIRCUIT AIR
WAVE! JANE'S A
GREAT GIRL!

IT'S A WISE GIRL
WHO HITCHES HER
WAGON TO AIR
WAVE! AWWRK!

JANE FONLER
WINS EDWARD
SCHOLARSHIP
RADIO PRODUCTION
WITH STORY
"AIR WAVE"

FROM "LEAD FOOT" TO ANCHOR MAN





SLAM BRADLEY

500

500

NEWS
ROBBERS MAKE
ANOTHER HAUL
\$500 REWARD
OFFERED.

FEEL THOSE MIGHTY MUSCLES... LOOK AT THOSE POWERFUL PHYSIQUES! YES, SIR. SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ARE FULL OF EXTRA VIM AND VIGOR THESE DAYS... AND A GOOD THING, TOO! FOR THEY NEED ALL THEIR STRENGTH WHEN THEY TACKLE THE WILY SCHEMERS WHO ARE DISPENSING...

"Tonic for Trouble!"

TONIC

SLAM
BRADLEY
AND
SHORTY
MORGAN
ARE GOOD
DETECTIVES.
EVER ALERT
FOR CRIME

LOOK, SLAM...
A REWARD! MAYBE
THIS IS OUR LUCKY
DAY!

CAN WE
AFFORD
THREE
CENTS
FOR A
PAPER?

NOT MUCH
HERE, JUNIOR
G-MAN! AND
IT COST ME
THREE CENTS
TO FIND OUT.'

"SLEPT THROUGH IT
ALL," SAYS VICTIM



YES, SLAM AND SHORTY HAVE THEIR WEAK MOMENTS! HERE THEY ARE IN ANOTHER ONE...

GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE THAT STRONG! SO WOULD I... BUT ONLY SUPERMAN COULD DO THAT! LET'S FIND OUT, WHAT THE RACKET IS.

LOOK AT THAT MASS OF MUSCLE, FOLKS! YET THIS MAN ONCE COULDN'T LIFT EVEN TEN POUNDS! TODAY HE CAN LIFT 1,000 POUNDS. IT'S GULPO HEALTH TONIC THAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE! IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU, GENTS

HEALTH INSTIT

1,000 LB

I'LL PROVE IT!
YOU, MISTER...
COME UP ON
THE STAGE!

ME?

GO ON, TAKE A BIG DRINK OF GULPO... IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

GULP,
GULP...

SAY, THAT TASTED GOOD... I FEEL A LOT BETTER, TOO!

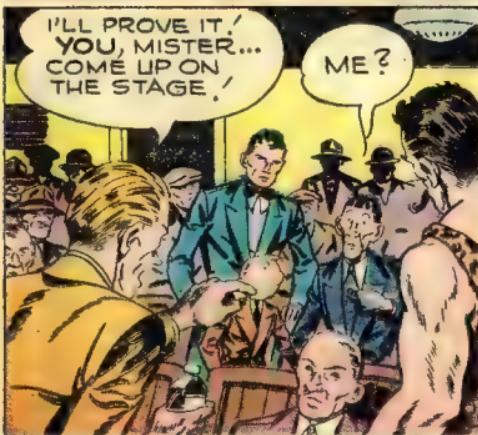
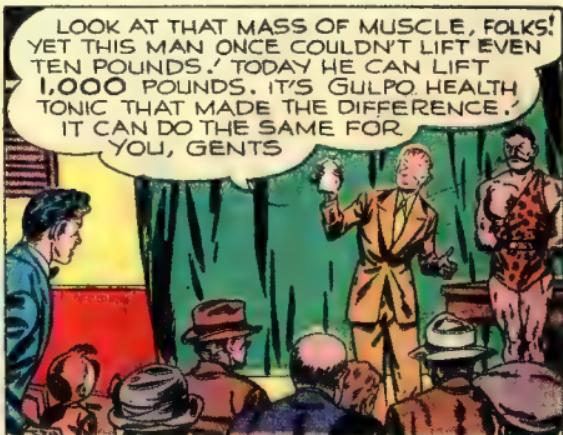
SEE, FOLKS?
IT ACTS RIGHT AWAY!

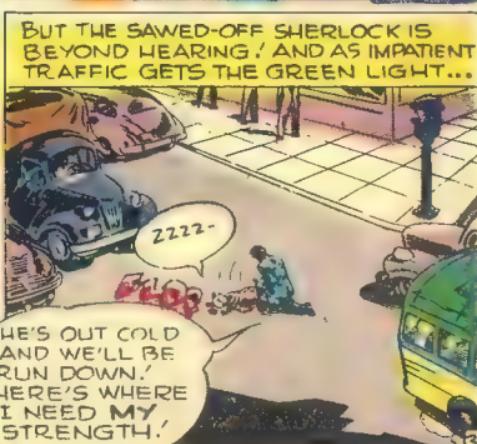
I SURE FEEL POWERFUL. A LITTLE WHILE AGO I WAS SO WEAK I COULD JUST DRAG MYSELF AROUND.

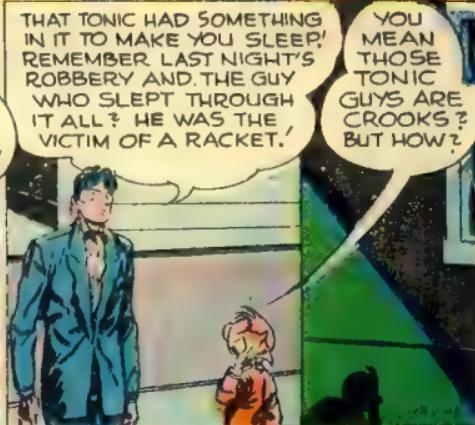
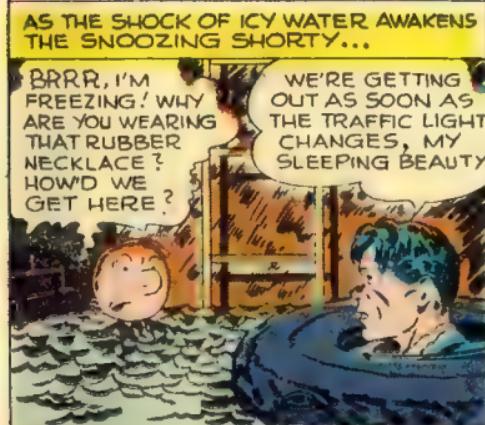
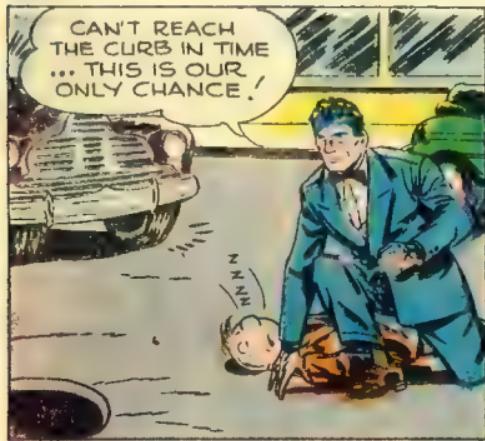
PHOOEY, WHAT A PHONEY ACT!

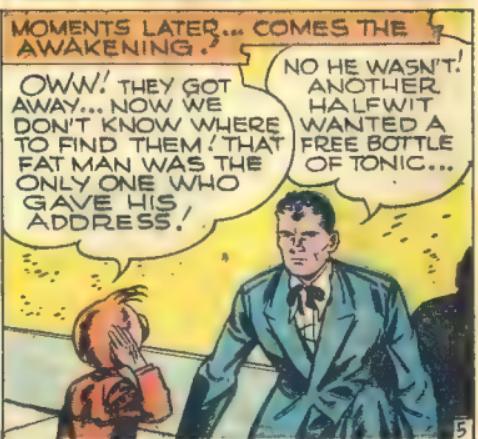
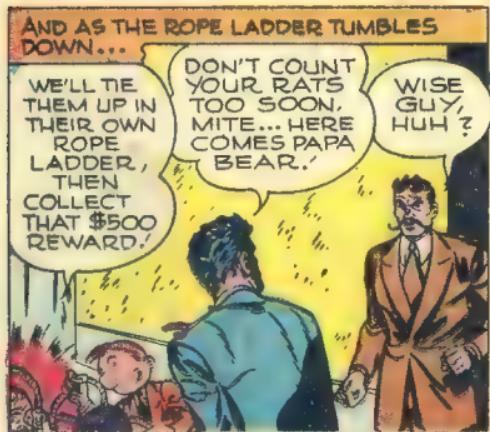
YES,
SIR, IT
WAS
GULPO
THAT,
DID IT.

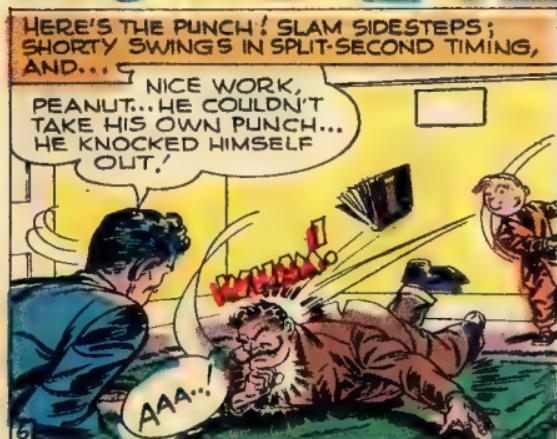
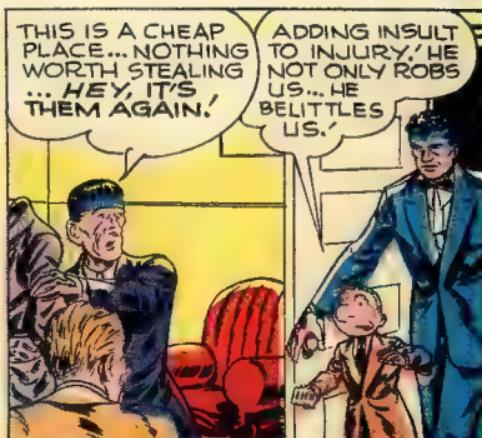
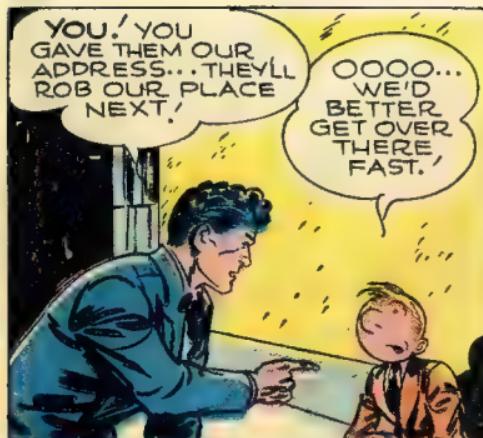
LOOK,
SHORT
CHANGE?
SOMETHING
FUNNY'S
GOING
ON!













Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

I CAN'T BEAR TO BE WITHOUT DUBLE BUBLE ... IT'S SO GOOD!

SNAKES ALIVE ... WHAT A WHOPPING PIECE YOU GET FOR A PENNY!

YOU AINT LION! AND EVERY PIECE IS WRAPPED IN FUNNIES!

HEY SKINNY, YOUR PANTHER FALLING DOWN!

YOU OTTER TRY FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM, TOO!

OH, DEER, YOU BOAR ME WITH SUCH PUNNY TALK!

I GOPHER DUBLE BUBLE BECAUSE IT MAKES BIGGER BUBBLES!

IT'S GETTING LATE... I MOOSE GO HOME NOW!

DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBLE BUBLE

NICKEL TIP

by Paul Denby

PAPA CARLIN, who ran the diner just outside Menkstown, placed the plate of steaming corned beef and cabbage before the hungry truckdriver. Carlin's Castle was a favorite stopping off place for the highway express trucks that passed through Menkstown. Everybody knew Papa, a widower who, with his young son, Jamie, operated the diner.

But the boys knew Jamie was something of a problem child to Pop. Not that the gangling, fourteen-year-old-youngster was a bad boy; he wasn't. Quite the contrary, he was industrious and intelligent.

"But always these hobbies!" Papa Carlin complained now. "First it is stamps; then it is books, and guns and now coins!"

The truck driver stowed a heaping portion of food in his mouth, laughed, and said:

"Hobbies never hurt anyone, Papa Carlin. Used to have a lot myself. And look, even Presidents collected stamps." The truck driver grinned again. "I got a hobby," he said, "eating your corned beef and cabbage."

Papa Carlin returned the grin. He knew his cooking was good. He'd prepare the specialty and Jamie would do the short-order cooking, just as he was doing now. Carlin's Castle wasn't equipped to make a fortune, but Papa managed to live comfortably.

"Heard about that petty holdup man operating around these parts, Papa?" the truck driver asked. "Seems he knocked off a little cafe about twenty miles down the road last night. Nobody seems to be able to catch him."

A worried look appeared on Papa Carlin's face. "Yes, I have, Tom," he said, "and I'm surprised Trooper Tate hasn't been

around. I wanted to ask him about getting a pistol permit."

"He's probably working on the case. Got a lot of territory to cover," the truck-driver said, "but, say Papa, you don't need a gun here. Who'd stick up this place? You're always busy. We truck drivers drop in all hours of the day or night."

"Guess you're right, Tom." Papa Carlin shrugged, hastened to call in another order for corned beef and cabbage. More hungry truck drivers were pulling up outside.

In the kitchen, humming to himself, young Jamie Carlin dished out the victuals, setting them out for Papa in a little cut-out window which connected kitchen to dining room proper.

Young Jamie liked this after-school job. During the day, the Widow Aline helped Papa, but then she had to go back home to take care of her own brood, back from school and clamoring for food and maternal care. It was an ideal arrangement. Jamie was able to study for a couple of hours, work a couple more, then the evenings were almost all his. The night relief man came on at nine.

Consequently, young Jamie was happy. He had his hobbies and he now studied this new book that had arrived only a week earlier. There was so much to learn! In between orders, the book propped on a small shelf in the kitchen, Jamie would memorize some pages.

The rush hour past, Jamie, looking out the kitchen window, saw that there was only one truckman in the diner. He was sipping his coffee, so that meant there wouldn't be a hurry call for orders. He went outside.

"Hiya Pop," he called cheerfully. His

father waved a hand negligently, being at that moment interested in the doings of the A's.

"Ball clubs ain't what they used to be in my day, son," Papa Carlin said. "Now take these A's . . ."

His offspring grinned. "Who couldn't, Pop?" he asked innocently. "Or hadn't you heard Cornelius McGillicuddy Mack is still the manager?" Young Jamie looked at Papa Carlin, who refused to rise to the bait. Then he grinned. That meant Papa was in a good humor. He wouldn't object to—

Young Jamie rang the cash register bell. The drawer popped open.

Papa Carlin looked up. "Hey, what are you doing, son. Eh, what's that, Sir?"

It was the lone diner who had interrupted. He smiled at Pop, laid a nickel tip down on the counter. "I said what do I owe?"

"Thirty-five cents."

"Fine." The man walked to the register, stood in front of it. Jamie held out his hand. Then the lad's eyes popped as the man withdrew from a hip pocket a revolver.

"I'll take what's in the register," the man said politely. "Just the bills."

Jamie's face whitened. "But you can't take—"

"Let him have it, Jamie." Papa Carlin's voice was tense. There was no use arguing with a gun. "He's held up places before."

The man grinned, said nervily: "Right you are, old fellow. You're smart!" He scooped up the bills. "Left a tip for you on the counter, sonny. So long." At the door he paused momentarily. "Don't make the mistake of trying to follow me."

The door slammed. A motor started. Headlights swept into the traffic on the road.

"I—I'd better call the troopers." Papa Carlin gasped. "How much did he get, Jamie?"

"Thirty-five dollars." Jamie had run to

the back of the diner, tried to follow the progress of the car. Traffic was too heavy.

He picked up the nickel the robber had left. "Here's a nickel for the phone, Pop," he said, "so he only got thirty-four ninety-five. He left us a nickel tip."

"I have a nickel," Papa Carlin said. "I'll call. Maybe Trooper Trent will be around. Thirty-five dollars . . . hey, what's the matter with you, Jamie? This is no joke!" His eyes blinked as the boy suddenly raced into the kitchen, to emerge an instant later, excitedly waving a book.

"We didn't lose a thing, Pop," he cried. "Look at this." He laid the nickel down on a page. "This is a book on numismatics—coin collecting, Pop. And it says right here that this 1913 Liberty Head nickel the crook left is worth sixty dollars at least!"

Papa finally found his voice. "Sixty dollars," he whispered. "Sixty dollars!" His eyes lighted in amusement. "Oh, if we could only tell that crook, Jamie boy!"

"You can . . ." a familiar voice boomed.

Both Papa and Jamie whirled simultaneously. So engrossed had they been they hadn't heard Trooper Trent arrive. With him, handcuffed, was the burglar. "I've been watching him for two nights, Papa," Trent said, "and I let him hold up the place here tonight and think he got away with it. I wanted the money on him. You'll get it back." Trent chuckled. "With interest, if what Jamie here says is true."

Papa Carlin bristled. "Of course it's true, Trent," he snapped. "Jamie knows his hobbies." He walked toward the discomfited prisoner, shook a finger under the man's nose.

"You should have had a hobby," he chided, "then maybe you wouldn't have turned into a crook."

Trooper Trent chuckled. "Oh, it's never too late, Papa," he said, "our friend here is getting one—making license plates for the state while he's in prison. Come on, you! Unless you want to leave another tip!"



THREE-RING BWAH

by JACK FARR

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL STAGE,
CIRCUS, SCREEN AND RADIO
HEADLINE ACTS!

MITT THE GREATEST WIRE-WALKING ACT IN THE WORLD, PAL! -- "SLAP-HAPPY SLACK-WIRE SANDOLA FROM SANDUSKY" -- THAT'S ME! -- I'LL RUN THROUGH MY ROUTINE OF "STRUZZIN' THE STRING" AND IF I DON'T PANIC YOU INTO RUNNING HALF A DOZEN TEMPERATURES, DON'T SEW ME UP WITH A CONTRACT!

SCAT! -- BUT BEFORE YOU SLAM YOUR WAY OUT, SIT DOWN A SECOND AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M OFF WIRE-WALKERS FOR LIFE -- LISTEN --



-- ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I'M STRANDED OUT IN THE TALL WEED COUNTRY WITH A LAST-GASP CARNIVAL, WHEN ONE DAY WHO BARGES IN ON ME, BUT --

GOOD MORROW, PEASANT! -- I WOULD A WORD WITH YOU! I'M KNOWN AS "MELEDOSA", THE MAD MID-AIR MUSICAL MIMIC!

SO WHAT?

SO THIS! -- I'M STAGE-STRUCK AND I WANNA JOIN YOUR SHOW! I'VE FLOPPED AT EVERYTHING ELSE I'VE TRIED, SO WHAT CAN I LOSE?



ONLY
YOUR HEAD,
MEBBE!!

"--THEN, MELEDOSA TOLD ME THE SAD STORY OF HIS FRUSTRATED LIFE! -- AS A YOUTH, BACK IN THE OLD COUNTRY, HE TRIED TO LEARN TO SKI. HE FLOPPED AT THAT!"



"-- NEXT HE STUDIED VIOLIN FOR SIX LONG YEARS -- HE FLOPPED AT THAT!"

BY ROYAL COMMAND
AND ORDER O' THE
BOARD OF HEALTH --
CUDDITOUT!



"-- HAVING, BY THIS TIME, BECOME A GRADE A PROBLEM CHILD TO HIS NOT TOO DOTTING PARENTS, THEY LOOKED FOR A MEANS TO AN END --"



"-- HIS FATHER WAS A TELEGRAPH LINESMAN -- (UP IN THE POLAR REGIONS) -- (GAG) -- (OR IS IT?) --"

OOH! IS THAT
WONDERFUL!
WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF IT?!

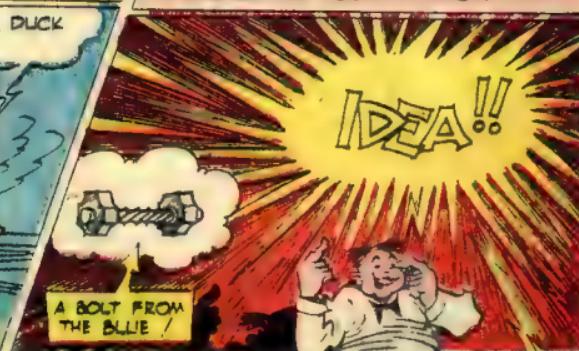
I'M AN OLD HAND AT
THIS BUSINESS, SONNY BOY,
SO IF YOU FALL -- DO
IT HEAD FIRST!



"-- BUT AT THIS POINT FATE PLAYED ONE OF ITS PESKY PRANKS AND YOUNG MELEDOSA WAS SOON RIGHT AT HOME -- IN THE UPPER STRATA!"



"-- ALSO HAVING GREATLY IMPROVED HIS VIOLIN PLAYING AND SKI TECHNIQUE BY THIS TIME, HE HIT ON AN IDEA THAT ONLY A MAD GENIUS WOULD THINK OF! --"





"HE'D PARCEL HIS THREE TALENTS IN ONE PACKAGE--AND THEN--DO AN ACT--THIS IS HOW HE PERFECTED IT!--"

"--THE PROFESSOR THOUGHT HE MUST HAVE FALLEN ON HIS HEAD LATELY (BUT SEVERELY!)--NEVERTHELESS, HE FILLED THE ORDER WITHIN THE WEEK, THEN MELEDOBA WENT INTO INTENSE SECRET PRACTICE!--"

PROFESSOR OOMLAUF, I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A PAIR OF VIOLIN BOWS OUT OF THESE SKIS, SAME SIZE--AND A FULL SET OF TRIPLE-STRENGTH VIOLIN STRINGS 100 FEET LONG!

--THAT BRINGS US UP TO THE DAY I MET HIM--WELL SON, HE RIGGED UP HIS TACKLE AND DID HIS ACT FOR ME! OW-WAH! WAS IT MARVELOUS! HE ACTUALLY SKIED BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS ON A SET OF STRINGS!--RIGHT OVER MY HEAD!"

MEBBE THAT YOUNG FELLER'S GOT SOMETHIN' IN HIS NOODLE BESIDES DANDRUFF!--BUT I DOUBT IT!

"BOY! HE TOOK THE SHOW OUT OF THE RED OVERNIGHT!--AND IN TWO WEEKS' TIME WE WERE UP TO OUR HIPS IN PROFITS!"

"--HE WAS AN EIGHT ALARM RIOT ALL OVER THE CIRCUIT!--I MEMBER ONE NIGHT IN DULLUTH, OR MEBBE IT WAS DUBUQUE, HE PLAYED "THE LULLABY FROM JOCELYN" SO PERFECT, IT HAD THE WHOLE AUDIENCE SLEEPING IN THE AISLES! --"

AINT THAT GUY WUN'NERFUL? THAT'S AN ARIA FROM THAIS!!

DETECTIVE COMICS

"WELL, PAL, FOR ONE SOLID YEAR WE PLAYED TO PACKED HOUSES FROM PADUCAH TO PARAGUAY, AND THE FOLDING-MONEY POURED INTO OUR BOX OFFICE SO HEAVY THAT I STILL THINK IT STARTED THE PRESENT PAPER SHORTAGE . . ."

"THEN IT HAPPENED!!--FOR TWO AND THREE DAYS AT A TIME HE'D DISAPPEAR--AND WE'D HAVE TO CLOSE THE SHOW!"

SARATOGA! BRING A VACUUM CLEANER! THIS FOLDING MONEY'S GOT ME CROWDED OUTA MY OFFICE!

COMIN' RIGHT UP, BOSS.

HE DIDN'T SHOW UP AGAIN--AND I'VE GOTTA REFUND \$12,000!

"TWO HYSTERICAL MONTHS OF THAT PASSED--AND THEN THE FINAL PAY-OFF!"

WHAT?--AND AFTER ALL YOU DID FOR HIM, HE DID THAT TO YOU?! WHY THE HUMAN TERMITE! WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?

BOSS BINKS, YOU'VE BEEN NICER TO ME THAN A DOUBLE-INHERITANCE, BUT I'M QUITTING YOU COLD CUZ ME ART CALLS ME ELSEWHERE!

HEY!!--YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME, YOU--!!

WHY, BETTER'N EVER, I HEAR--..

-ON ALL THOSE DAYS HE TOOK OFF, HE WAS REHEARSING A 50-PIECE TROUPE OF HIS OWN, AND NOW HE'S GOT A COMPLETE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON WIRES THAT'S CLEANIN' UP MILLIONS IN RADIO, ON RECORDS AN' JUKE BOXES,--AND--..

HEY! HEH-HEH-HEH!! WHERE Y'HEADIN', SON?

OW-WAH! AFTER THAT, I'M QUITTIN' SHOW BUSINESS FOR KEEPS AN' GETTIN' M'SELF WIRED FOR SOUND!--SO LONG!

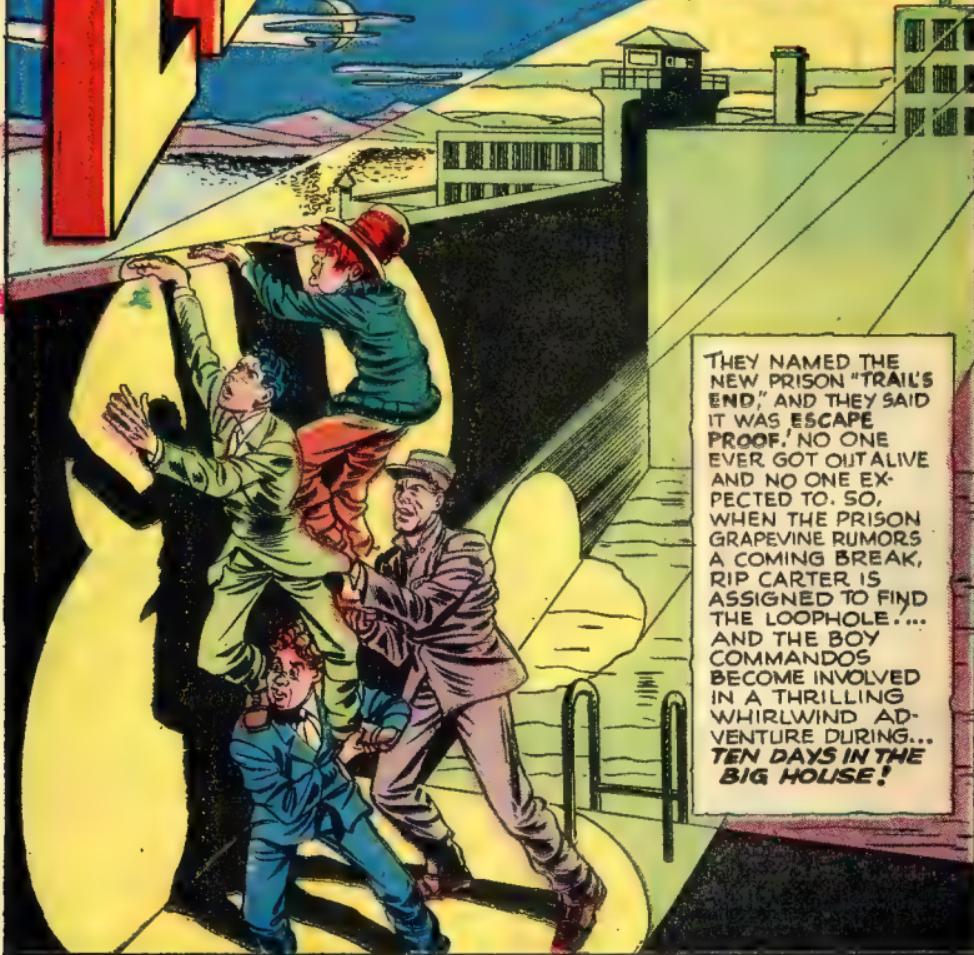
OW!!
COUNT
ME OUT!!

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



The

THE BOY COMMANDOS in "TEN DAYS IN THE BIG HOUSE!"



THEY NAMED THE NEW PRISON "TRAIL'S END," AND THEY SAID IT WAS ESCAPE PROOF! NO ONE EVER GOT OUT ALIVE AND NO ONE EXPECTED TO. SO, WHEN THE PRISON GRAPEVINE RUMORS A COMING BREAK, RIP CARTER IS ASSIGNED TO FIND THE LOOPHOLE.... AND THE BOY COMMANDOS BECOME INVOLVED IN A THRILLING WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE DURING... **TEN DAYS IN THE BIG HOUSE!**



ON AN ISOLATED ISLAND, WHERE SHIPS NEVER GO, STANDS THE GRIM PRISON KNOWN AS "TRAIL'S END"...



...AND DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD WHISPER THAT ALL WHO ENTER "TRAIL'S END" ABANDON HOPE OF ESCAPE...



BUT, ONE NIGHT...

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

LISSEN! SOMEONE HAS SET OFF THE ALARM!

DUKE SAID DA GROUND WAS WIRED. BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.



THE ONLY ENTRANCE INTO THE PRISON IS BY TUNNEL...

LOOK! THE ELECTRIC EYE REVEALS THE CONVICTS! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

A
TRANS
CO.



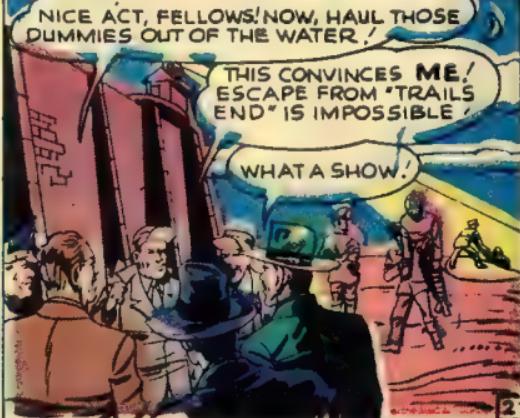
WHILE OTHERS TRY TO ESCAPE BY WATER, ONLY TO BE CAUGHT IN A CLEVER ELECTRIC TRAP...



NICE ACT, FELLOWS! NOW, HAUL THOSE DUMMIES OUT OF THE WATER!

THIS CONvinces ME! ESCAPE FROM "TRAIL'S END" IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT A SHOW!



DÉTECTIVE COMICS

MEANWHILE, AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION...

WE CONVINCED THE PRESS, CARTER! BUT I HAVE A TIP THAT A BIG BREAK IS BEING PLANNED!



THE ONLY ENTRANCE IS BY TUNNEL - AND ALL VEHICLES ARE CHECKED BY THE ELECTRIC EYE. NO SHIPS ARE ALLOWED TO GO NEAR THE ISLAND, AND THE WATERS AND GROUNDS ARE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED!



THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO BE SURE OF, CARTER. THAT'S WHY I ASKED FOR YOUR HELP. UH - NOBODY KNOWS YOU'RE HERE, I TRUST.

NOT A SOUL!



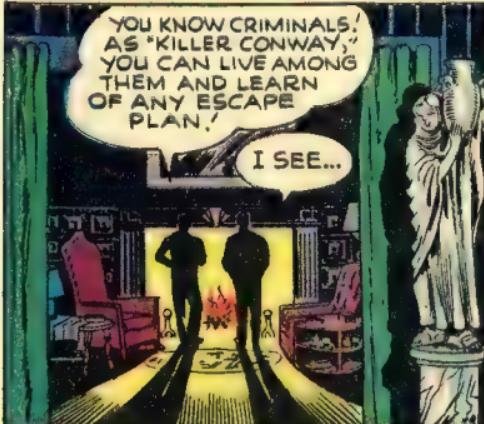
THEN LISTEN - I AM "SENTENCING" YOU TO "TRAIL'S END" AS "KILLER CONWAY" ON A DEATH SENTENCE!

DEATH SENTENCE?



YOU KNOW CRIMINALS, AS "KILLER CONWAY," YOU CAN LIVE AMONG THEM AND LEARN OF ANY ESCAPE PLAN!

I SEE...

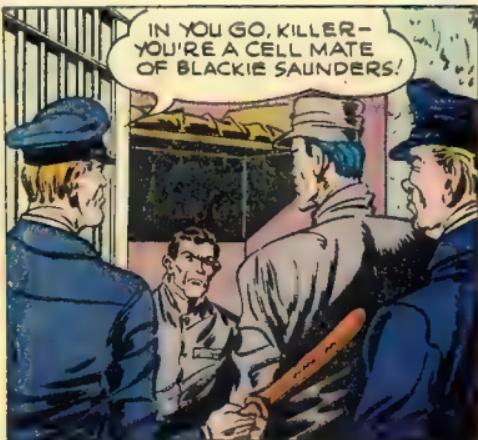


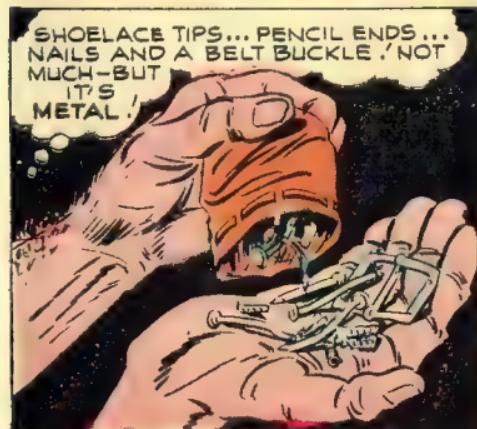
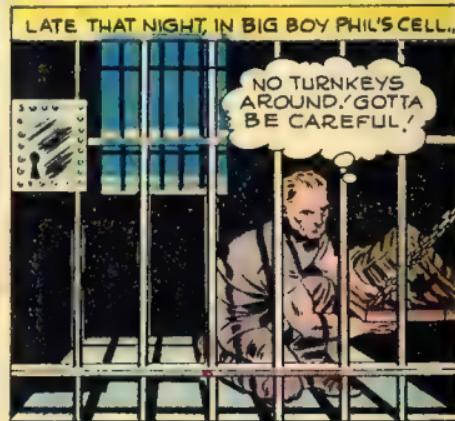
ON THE DAY THE ESCAPE IS DUE TO TAKE PLACE, I WILL HAVE YOU RELEASED AND WE WILL EXPOSE THE PLAN; BUT NOBODY MUST KNOW WHO YOU ARE BEFOREHAND! NOT EVEN THE WARDEN!

RIGHT, SIR!



DETECTIVE COMICS



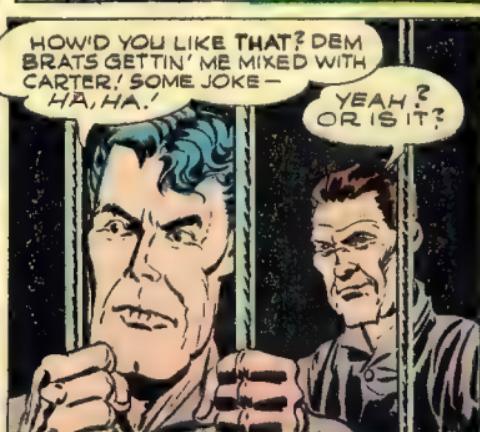
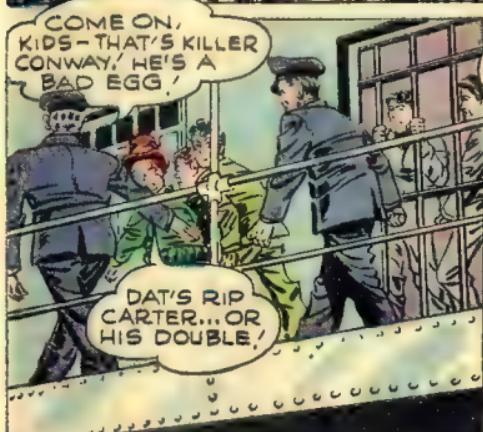


DETECTIVE COMICS

BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND CROOKS
DO GO ASTRAY, AND AT THIS MOMENT FATE
TAKES A HAND...



AS THEY VISIT THE CELL BLOCKS...



WHILE BLACKIE'S SUSPICION GROWS, THE
COMMANDOS ENTER THE PRISON DINING
HALL...



DETECTIVE COMICS



HOURS LATER, WHEN ALL IS QUIET AGAIN
AT "TRAIL'S END..."



MORNING, AND THE PRISONERS FILE OUT TO
THE WORK SHOPS...

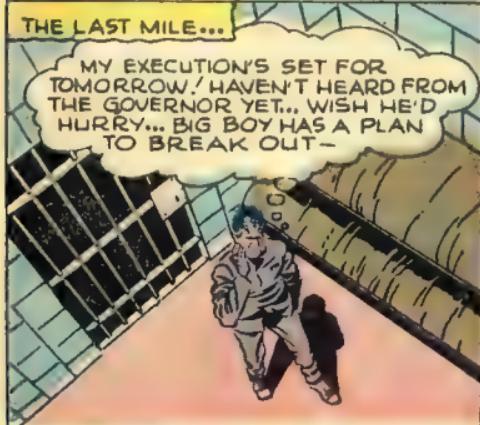




LATER, AT THE BASEBALL GAME...



THE LAST MILE...



THEN WORD OF KILLER CONWAY'S FATE HITS THE STREETS...





ALL NIGHT THEY MOVE SECRETLY, WORKING ON A DARING PLAN...



THE NEXT DAY IN DEATH ROW...

FUNNY THE GOVERNOR
HASN'T PHONED YET!
TIME'S GROWING SHORT!

GOT
ANYTHING
TO SAY, KILLER.
BEFORE YOU GO?

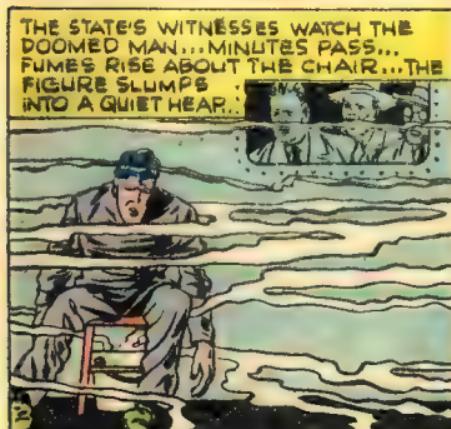
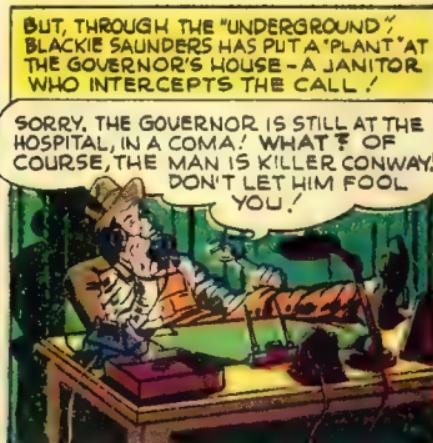


BUT, WARDEN, I AM
NOT KILLER CONWAY...
I'M RIP CARTER!

IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT A
STORY!







AS THE PRONE FIGURE IS CARRIED UP A LONELY CORRIDOR, THE BEARERS STOP AT THE PHARMACY...



BROOKLYN, ALFY, ANDRE. I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WHEN I GOT THE DOCTOR'S SIGNALS.



THE DOCTOR'S FINGERS DRUMMED OUT A MORSE CODE MESSAGE ON THE DOOR—TELLING ME TO PLAY DEAD WHEN THE GAS FUMES APPEARED!



YEAH—HE PUT HARMLESS CHEMICAL PILLS IN WATER—MADE IT LOOK LIKE GAS!

THERE GO THE LIGHTS! BIG BOY PHIL AND BLACKIE ARE TRYING TO CRACK OUT! NOW I KNOW WHY PHIL WANTED THE METAL SCRAPS!



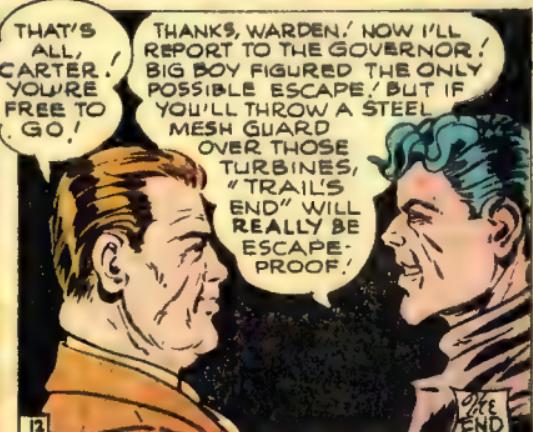
THE ELECTRIC POWER ROOM! THERE THEY ARE!

LOOK, BIG BOY! WE GOT COMPANY!

HELLO, PHIL! BROKE OUT WHILE THE GUARDS WERE WATCHING THE "SHOW," EH?

YA AINT STOPPIN' US, CARTER!





HOW THOM MCAN

WITH HIS MAGIC



STOPPED BY TIDAL WAVE

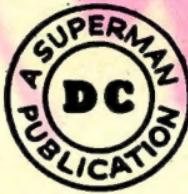
"BAZOOKA-SHOES"



TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES
WHICH COMPRIZE THE
SUPERMAN DC
COMIC GROUP

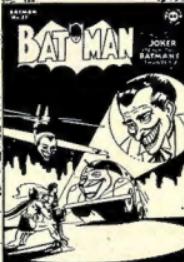
LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK
ON THE COVER



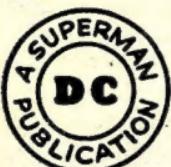
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST IN
COMICS



Now
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE



Look
FOR THE DC
TRADE MARK



WHAT A HIT!



NOW FOR A



Gee! Baby Ruth Cookies are great!
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun :

It's a good old American custom; to relax with the gang and enjoy a tempting **Baby Ruth** bar. The minute you bite into that chewy, delicious candy, you know it's the best you can buy.

Good Food:

You need lots of energy to keep up with the team. **Baby Ruth** candy is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy... contains other vital ingredients, too.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN